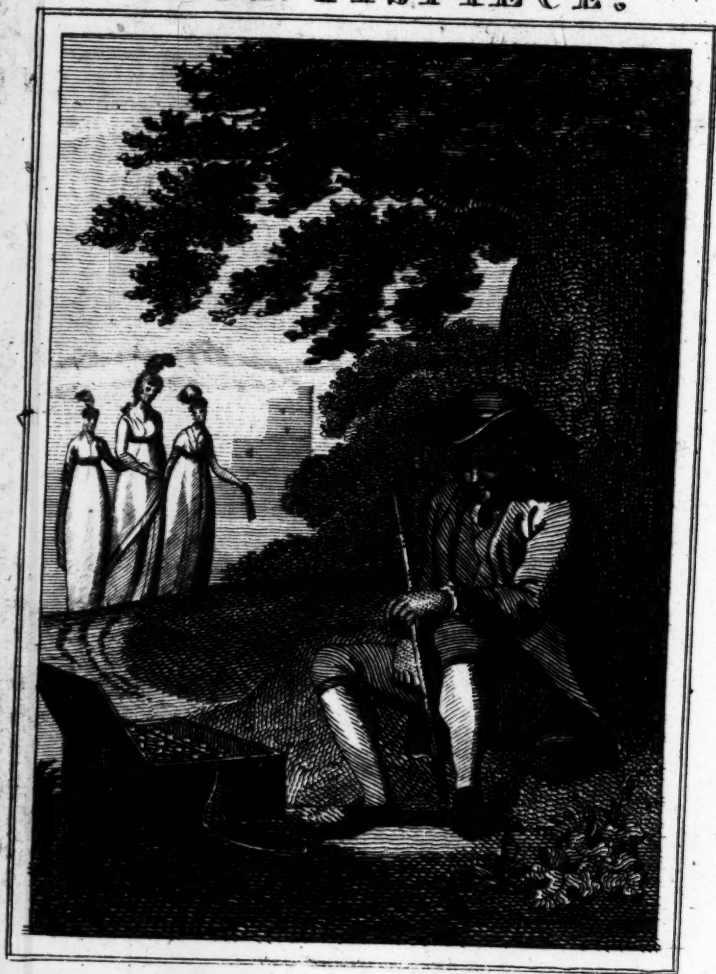
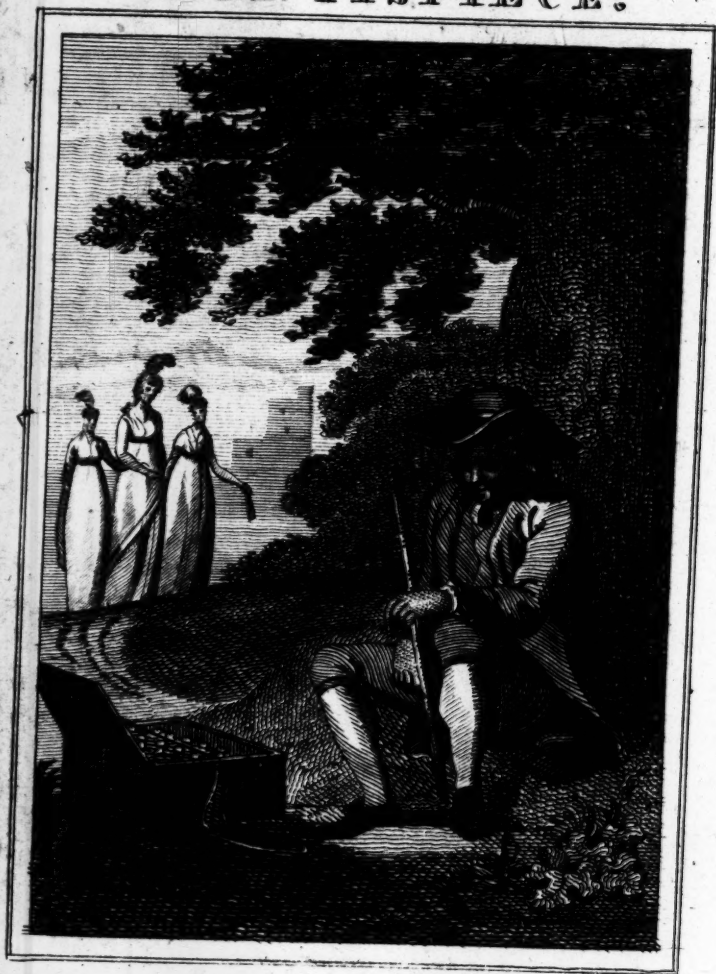


FRONTISPIECE.



FRONTISPIECE.



Ch. 790/19.

THE

~~12835aa3t~~

H I S T O R Y

OF

A P I N,

AS RELATED BY ITSELF,

INTERSPERSED WITH

A VARIETY OF ANECDOTES,

Pointing out to the Youth of both Sexes, the
Superiority of a generous Mind over one
that is narrow and uncultivated.



*By the Author of The Brothers, A Tale for
Children, &c.*

DUBLIN:

PRINTED FOR T. JACKSON, 23, PARLIAMENT-
STREET.

1799.



THE
H I S T O R Y
OF
A P I N.

THE narrators of their own history labour under many disadvantages; they will naturally be supposed to conceal failings, and blazon perfections. This I allow may have been the

case with other historians ; but I shall trust to the candour of my readers (to whom I shall relate nothing but simple facts, in plain unembellished language), to believe, that, if I have been in error, the fault has been that of others, not my own.

I began my career in life with the best hopes and fairest prospects ; I had a good head, and was prepared by various hands with *sharp* qualities, to make myself useful in the world.



Fate

Fate placed me first under the protection of an amiable and honourable mistress, who soon found me worthy a place in her *heart*.

I assisted daily at her toilet; but my business there was light and easy: she wasted neither my time, or her own, in putting on any superfluous ornaments. The chief part of her day was dedicated to the education of her children; and in this pleasing and important duty I was called upon to lend my aid: and though
I cannot

I cannot boast, it is true, of having been at any of the great feats of learning, or possessing much scholastic knowledge, yet no one was better able than myself to *point* out the beauties and useful part of language to the young learner. It was my business particularly to teach the youngest child her letters; and I should have been blest and happy to have traced out to her the page of Sacred History. I was flattered with the hope of being instrumental to her treading the paths of piety, morality, and virtue.

tue. But, alas!——Gentle Readers, suffer me here to pause, and ask, If any of you are idle? If any of you are obstinate? Surely you will never be so again, when I shall unfold to you, that to idleness, and to obstinacy, I owe my fall from the highest summit of happiness to the depth of misery! My only consolation is, that the faults I speak of were not my own.—You will weep, sweet Reader, when I recount to you, not only my sufferings, but those of my gentle mistress, who was cut to the heart by the
same

same ill-conduct in her daughter,
which lost me my place,

Mary and Jane Dormer were lovely little girls. The eldest was amiable, industrious, and obedient, and always attentive to her studies; but Miss Jane, the youngest, possessed an invincible obstinacy at times. It is true, there was no reason entirely to despair of her reformation; for she had but just passed the third year of her life, when the fatal day of my sorrows began.

It

It was one morning at the latter end of the month of May, at six o'clock (for we never began our studies later), when, after Miss Mary had gone through all her business, with her wonted alacrity, and to the delight of her mother's heart, that Miss Jane was called to repeat her lesson, and I was desired to attend particularly to her. Mrs. Dormer began, Great A. Jane was silent. *I* pointed to great A—still no repetition of great A came from her lips; she looked both at me, and her mamma, with rather an arch

arch countenance ; but no great
A could we get echoed from her
tongue. Indeed it appeared to
me a premeditated design not to
open her lips ; for the under one
was doubled over the upper one,
and both pressed together with
more than common force ; and
her pretty blue eyes were half
concealed under her downcast
eyelids.

I could almost myself have par-
doned her for once, as I thought
it possible she might never do so
again : but as to Mrs. Dormer,
she

she felt as every good and attentive mother certainly would upon such a melancholy occasion (though in justice to her mildness, I must say, she waited with great patience for some time); but at last, in an agitation I never had seen her in before, she started up, seized Miss Jane, and flew out of the room with her into her chamber, where (as I have since been informed) she kept some slender twigs of the birch-tree.

In this scene of confusion and distress I fell senseless to the ground;

ground ; and there I might have continued till now, If I had not been taken up by a careful and diligent maid-servant, who came in some time after to put the school-room into order.

I now no longer reposed on satin, or fondly hung by my lady's side, or listened to sweet discourse, or heard instruction from her gentle voice ; but borne upon a greasy, half-worn cushion, descended with Jenny Broom into the lower part of the house. Ah ! thought I to myself,
after

after the refinement above stairs,
how shall I endure my present
society?

But to my comfort I found,
that if decorum is observed by
the heads of a house, the exam-
ple of propriety, decency, and
good order, will prevail through-
out: so that if the discourse
which now met my attention, was
not so elegant in its style and lan-
guage as that I had been accus-
tomed to hear, there was at least no-
thing in the sentiments that could
wound my delicacy.

My

My new protectress carried me with her to the butler's pantry, where I overheard the following dialogue, which was carried on with great rapidity by Mrs. Jenny, Jacob, the butler, being taken up by breathing at intervals upon the leather, with which he was polishing his spoons.

Jenny. "Lack-a-day! Jacob, did not you hear a great bustle up stairs just now?"

My young readers must suffer me to digress, before I give them
Jacob's

Jacob's answer, only to observe, that *lack-a-day ! well now !* and numberless other interjections, maid-servants, in short, persons, whether servants or not, who are ill educated, make great use of, for want of knowing proper words to fill up a sentence, or to express themselves fitly upon any subject ; and that no person well bred, or properly instructed, ever makes use of any thing of the sort.

“ There was no occasion to stop the history to tell us this,”

I think

I think I hear many of my intelligent readers observe ; therefore I proceed to Jacob's reply,

Jacob. " Why yes, I think I did hear something, though I have been pretty busy ;—pray what has been the matter ? "

Fenny. " Matter enough, Jacob ; but well, I'll tell you.—La ! there has been Miss Jane in one of her tantarums ; well, bless me ! if she has not fretted my poor dear sweet mistress like any thing. There is nobody as
lives

lives takes more pains than her mamma does to make she good. No, she is the very best of mothers; makes her children get up early, go to bed betimes, read and work; and besides is always talking to them so pretty, and never flaunts out and leaves them as some ladies does:—and for a child to go to fret her so, is very wicked, let me tell you. There is Miss Mary is a comfort to her, sweet pretty dear; every body will love her: but as to Miss Jane, she is, as I am alive, as obstinate as a little pig.”

Jacob.

Jacob. "But do consider, Mrs. Jenny, the poor dear is quite a baby, she is not four years old; it is too soon to begin to teach her any thing."

Jenny. "Well now, there is your great mistake, Jacob; I have often heard my lady say, that as how many parents are very much to blame indeed, in not beginning soon enough to teach their children;—and I have heard my own dear mother (who every body knows was as good a woman as ever lived), I have
heard

heard her say, that I could tell all my letters by the time I was two years old; and so went on forward all my lifetime; and if children are taught well at first, they will never forget it. I soon lost my poor dear mother; but I shall always remember my duty towards God, which she taught me. And I have heard you say, Jacob, that your parents put you to school as soon as you could go alone, or else you would not be the honest servant—that you are: and I could tell you a good many more, who have turned out well,
or

or ill, according to their bringing up at first. But I cannot stop now—besides, you know I am one of very few words.”

Here old Jacob, who had rather an arch, penetrating countenance, turned round hastily, and asked Jane to look at the waiter he had been rubbing and polishing all the time she was talking. “Here, Mrs. Jenny,” said he, “you may see your face in it; don’t it look beautiful?”

Jenny

Jenny was naturally led to ask him, whether he meant the waiter, or her face, that looked so beautiful?—Whether my friend Jenny was displeased that Jacob was not ready with a compliment to her features, or for what reason I know not, but she left the pantry hastily, and of course carried me with her.

I found these domestics, upon a further acquaintance, to be really very worthy, good sort of persons, who had, as Jenny observed, been piously brought up; and as a
proof

proof of it, they were affectionate to their mistress, and attentive to her interest.

But I must recollect I am writing my own history, not theirs. Yet I must do justice to their characters, and not forget, that by their goodness I found myself less miserable than I expected to be, by my cruel descent from the drawing-room to the servants' hall. I had also the satisfaction of being frequently with the ladies; it being one part of Jenny's occupation to attend upon them,

them, when they walked out in the park, or gardens, to take their exercise. These young ladies were not suffered to run about, as ill-bred children are, without any meaning or observation, or to gather flowers, or plants, merely to pull them to pieces: Mrs. Dormer always went with them herself, and turned their attention to the bounty and beauty of nature; and she taught them to understand the cultivation, names, and genus, of each plant and flower; to arrange, and to class them according to their different
sorts

forts and orders; and then to preserve them carefully. The study of botany naturally leads to adoration and gratitude to God, who has given so bountiful a variety, both in plants and flowers, for the use and gratification of his creatures. Not a single blade of grass that grows, but must convince us of the wisdom and goodness of an Almighty Power; and to the observation of such things should the young mind be early bent.

Jenny

Jenny had been so many years in this virtuous family, and been herself so religiously brought up, that she was a better friend to me, and a more fit companion for the ladies, than persons in her rank of life generally are. Indeed, though I was not so elegantly clothed, or so highly entertained below, as I had been above stairs, yet I was not wounded or disgusted by any low or vulgar discourse, by any bickering or disputes; all was quiet and orderly;—and upon Sunday evenings, either Jacob,

or Jenny, read out aloud to the inferior servants some portions of the Bible.

But I was too soon reduced by my untoward fate to quit this happy family. Alas! how uncertain are the events of this life!

Among some other gifts that were presented to Jenny by Mrs. Dormer, there were some remnants of gold and silver lace, which she determined to sell. One day, therefore, one fatal day,

day, cruel Jenny! (though I shall ever respect her for her virtues, I must speak of her now in terms of reproach) — cruel Jenny! without thought of what might be my sufferings, and insensible to my feelings, forced me to secure the bundle, and dragged me to the house of a Jew pedlar. The bargain was soon settled, and I was included in the purchase.

All the scenes that passed during my abode at this house, are so opposite to those I had been

compelled to leave, that I will not pain my readers by relating them ; I will only mention, that I narrowly escaped being cast into the fire with the lace, for the security of which I had been sent to the pedlar's. His wife, however, rescued me, for the purpose of assisting her in teaching a little black-eyed boy his horn-book.

A gleam of comfort shot across me. Now (thought I) once again thou mayest be useful harmless Pin ; and, if useful, happy.—

py.—Short-lived and fallacious were these hopes; indeed they took their rise more from my patient temper than from reason; for I soon observed that the teacher was herself ignorant and passionate, and the pupil not early or regularly taught: however, I was well disposed to perform my part with punctuality.

Historians should, I know, be very accurate in their dates; but I am obliged to acknowledge, that I cannot with exactness tell, whether

whether it was Saturday, Sunday, on Monday; but of this I am sure, that it was one of the three, and in the forenoon, when this Jewess mother called up her son Shadrach to her knee, and took me in her hand, to point to the brass-bound horn of knowledge; at first we went on very smoothly with the single letters; but, alas! when we came to join them into Abs and Ebs, and Ba's and Be's, Shadrach stopped. No endeavours could prevail upon him to proceed: at last, oh, sad to tell! I, compelled by his mother's

mother's rage, penetrated to his finger bone. The *poor* boy (I say *poor* boy, because I did not consider him so much in fault as his intemperate and impatient teacher) flew into the street tore me with indignation from his bleeding hand, and trampled *me*, his innocent victim, under his feet. If he had possessed more age and judgment, it is to be hoped he would not have been so unjust, for I was only a passive instrument under the dominion of an enraged woman. In the street, miserable and deserted,

ferted, I might have remained for ever, if a miser had not passed soon after, with his eyes bent to the earth, searching for whatever he might chance to find. The glittering qualities which I possessed could not fail to attract his notice: he raised me from the earth, and placing me upon the arm of a threadbare coat, conveyed me to his home; but not to cheer or comfort me (for he was himself comfortless). When I first saw the misery in which he lived, I began to feel sentiments of respect

spect and gratitude for *him*, who himself deprived of all that cheers life, should have bestowed a thought upon my forlorn state. But these sensations were soon changed into disgust and contempt when I saw the man who did not allow fire to warm himself, or hardly refreshment to sustain nature, unlock a chest loaded with money. It contained, besides a large quantity of gold in various bags, a thousand other articles, which proved his meanness and his avarice, and
that

that I had not been noticed from any charitable motive.

I was placed among many of my fellow-sufferers, and introduced to that side of his chest where were collected together old buckles, bent nails, rusty keys, broken locks, seals without settings, and settings without seals: when I was safely lodged with many others of my species, amidst gold on the one side, and lumber on the other, I heard the top of my prison close,

close, and the sound of three heavy padlocks turn upon me.

I was now left without hope of ever again beholding the noonday sun, till the death of the miser should set me free.—Patience and fortitude, among other duties which I had imbibed under the care of Mrs. Dormer, came now to my aid: at least, thought I, here will be leisure for rational reflection.

My

My imagination naturally turned to that blest dwelling where I had seen prudence without parsimony, and generosity without prodigality; where we had moderately partaken of the good things sent us by Providence for our comfort and enjoyment, and had willingly spared a portion of them for the necessities of others; and I could not forbear exclaiming—“ Oh! wretched miser, who makest gold thy god, and addest hoard to hoard, till thy gold itself becomes lumber!—

How

How must thy education have been neglected! had thy mind been enriched with knowledge, thy soul enlarged by a proper sense of moral duty, thou wouldst not, as now, harden thy heart against the feelings of humanity. Ah, gold!—what is the advantage of thy superfluity, but in the hands of the benevolent and generous, who will employ thee to reward merit, and cheer the poor, the sick, and the oppressed.”

One of the heaviest bags, as if responsive to my call, or animated

D

by

by my sentiments, slipped from its situation, and fell from the top to the bottom of the chest. I was overwhelmed, and became stupified; how long I remained in a torpid state it is impossible for me now to say.

I was at length roused from my lethargy by an uncommon noise and bustle over my head; in a short time my prison was burst open with impatient haste, and a young woman was presented to my view, from whose expressions I learnt that the miser was dead,
and

and that she had succeeded to the inheritance. She viewed the contents of the chest with a tumultuous sort of delight; and was so intent upon counting the gold, that I concluded it would be my fate to be neglected and cast aside with the lumber; but it pleased fortune that I should once again enter upon the gay scene of life; for this lady, being negligently dressed, wanted immediate assistance to adjust her riband that fell over her eyes, and intercepted her view of the gold. Perceiving that I possessed brighter qualities than my fellow-

prisoners, she required my aid to confine her truant knot, and thus snatched me from my dark abode. It is very natural to suppose I was happy to recover my liberty, and have an opportunity to become once more an useful member of society: it is true, I was so; but I had been too much refined by the first rudiments of education, under the hands of Mrs. Dormer, to relish my situation with my present protectress.

A young lady, to please judicious observers, must possess a cultivated

vated mind, be elegant in her deportment, dignified in her manners, without affectation, and gentle in her temper.—She must not have that sort of artificial good breeding that is put on like a best cap or gown, only upon particular occasions; but she should exhibit that fascinating civility which arises spontaneously from the heart, and which no external circumstance can alter.

The lady (if she can be called a lady) that I now attended, was the reverse of all this; yet she

she was not without sufficient sense to feel her own deficiency, and to reproach her parents for neglecting her education, which she conceived would be particularly useful to her now she was become so rich.

With my usual perspicuity, I soon discovered that the miser's gold, though it would be no longer buried, was likely to be circulated to as little credit and advantage as it had been hoarded, the present possessor being as destitute

stitute of mind as a painted doll in a toy-shop window.

Nature had performed her part; but the faculties of Eleanor (for so was this young woman called) had never received the aid of cultivation.

She possessed a quickness of manner that might have been guided to industry; and a love of finery, that might have been directed to taste and neatness: she had a temper which by the hand of culture might have been softened

softened to acts of humanity and benevolence.

But left, as I found she had been, entirely to form her own mind, the faculties of nature were perverted, and employed only to the sad business of cunning and selfishness.

Of this I had full proof, when I heard her say to herself—

I shall not tell any body how rich I am become, especially not my aunt Dobbins, for she is
so

so poor she will want me to give her some of my money; and I will not go near Mrs. Willis, for as she maintained me as long as she was able, she will expect me to give her something in return." So, thought I, here is a wretched creature, to whom nature suggests what is right to be done, but education is wanting to enforce the practice of it. Happily I had an opportunity to express my indignation and contempt for these base sentiments; just as she spoke, she put her hand to her head, and I instantly
tore

tore her finger with all my strength; in revenge, she dragged me from her knot, and threw me to the ground. Blessed was my escape from such a mistress. I saw her secure her treasure, and, to my great satisfaction, retire.

I did not remain long by myself: a little girl came into the room, to clean it, and make a fire; and seeing me, kindly and carefully picked me up, and placed me by her side. She was clean and neat, but meanly clad; she

she had a very pretty countenance, which, though young, wore the cast of care,

In sweeping the room, she found one of the pieces of gold which the miser's heiress had let fall by the side of the chest, in her eagerness to count the money,

The little maid turned it on all sides, and viewed it again and again. "It is a large bit of money," said she: "it will make my poor mammy happy—
she

she is very ill—I can now buy her something nice, that may tempt her to eat; or I wonder if she would like a nice new warm cloak, to go to church in, when she is able to walk: I wish I did but know what she would like best; I must buy something for her, for I know very well if I carry it home, she will want to lay it out for me, and not for herself; and that I should be very sorry for indeed.”

Ah! (thought I,) sweet maid,
I should be happy if it was in
my

my power to give you all the wealth this room contains; for thou hast a heart to know its use.

Just then I saw this innocent girl sigh—drop a glistening tear—and place the piece of gold that had raised such benevolent intentions in her breast upon the very spot from which she had taken it up.

“Oh, dear heart,” said she,
“what was I going to do? I
thought so much about my dear
mother,

mother, I had almost forgot myself, and that I had no right to take this money—it is not mine—it is well I did not go and lay it out before I thought; I am sure nothing would be any comfort to my mother that was not honestly got.” So saying, she quitted the room with a cheerful countenance, from the consciousness of having done what was right,

I descended with her into a lower apartment, where Eleanor was already surrounded by milliners,

liners, mantua-makers, and haberdashers, too busy and too full of herself to notice this honourable little maid; when she addressed her with an apology for her mother's absence, who, being sick, had sent her to supply her place. She spoke unheeded, and retired, taking me with her to her mother's abode, the neatness of which was an emblem of the purity of its inhabitants. I was prejudiced in the mother's favour by the conduct of the daughter, and found her, as I expected, a sensible, respectable woman.

woman. She was sitting, apparently ill, by the fire-side, when my little darling ran up to her, and putting her arms round her neck, burst into tears.—“ Oh! my poor Mary,” cried her mother, “ you are fatigued, you have been at work beyond your strength.”—“ Oh! no, no dear mother, it is not that indeed; I could have done twice as much, but I am sorry to tell you, I had liked to have been a very sad, sad girl, indeed, and stolen some money.”—“ Impossible!” said the mother, with
agony

agony in her countenance: "it is impossible that my innocent Mary could become a thief, or do any mean or dishonourable action." Mary, sobbing, related the circumstance which I have already explained to my readers; upon hearing which, the tears of sensibility rolled down her mother's cheek.—"Thank you," says she, "my excellent child, and thank God for giving you grace to act as you did."

"Let us," continued she, "as I have often told you, Mary,
keep

woman. She was sitting, apparently ill, by the fire-side, when my little darling ran up to her, and putting her arms round her neck, burst into tears.—“ Oh! my poor Mary,” cried her mother, “ you are fatigued, you have been at work beyond your strength.”—“ Oh! no, no dear mother, it is not that indeed; I could have done twice as much, but I am sorry to tell you, I had liked to have been a very sad, sad girl, indeed, and stolen some money.”—“ Impossible!” said the mother, with
agony

agony in her countenance: "it is impossible that my innocent Mary could become a thief, or do any mean or dishonourable action." Mary, sobbing, related the circumstance which I have already explained to my readers; upon hearing which, the tears of sensibility rolled down her mother's cheek.—"Thank you," says she, "my excellent child, and thank God for giving you grace to act as you did."

"Let us," continued she, "as I have often told you, Mary,
keep

keep our souls pure and spotless ; and then, whatever our external condition may be, we shall possess blessed peace of mind and tranquillity within."

" I believe you, mother," said Mary ; " for though I should have been happy to have brought you something home, yet I never felt so happy as when I laid the gold down again where I had found it."

These good people were interrupted in their conversation,
which

which I had listened to with pleasure, by a servant, who came to order Mary, or her mother, to attend at his lady's house next morning, as the housemaid was ill. To assist upon such occasions was the occupation of Mrs. Lamb, Mary's mother. An affectionate contest now arose between them, which was most able to undertake the work; the daughter, however, conquered, and retired to rest, that she might rise betimes in the morning.

It

It does not become a simple Pin, as I am, to attempt florid description; but I wish some grand writer, who can fly with his pen from the northern to the western hemisphere, and takes any thing or every thing he finds in his way for similes, and who so well turns flesh and blood into lilies and roses, was at hand, to describe my darling Mary when she set out in the morning; the bloom of her countenance, the neatness of her apparel, and the brilliancy of every feature, which the idea of giving
case

ease and comfort to her mother,
had illumined.

Be it sufficient for me to say,
I had the pride of attending
her.

We came to the house of a
great lady; and my companion
was introduced into a room, to
clean, and put it in order. It
was an apartment appropriated
to the lady herself; and, to do
justice to her turn for expense,
nothing was wanting to make it
luxurious. Mary set about her
employment

employment with much adroitness, and she had nearly finished her occupation, when an uncouth noise assailed our ears, which approached nearer by degrees, till at last there burst into the room two showy, bold-looking girls, and a French governess, laughing and talking more loudly than her pupils.

The beauty of Mary's countenance, with her modest aspect, seemed for a moment to awe them into silence. They all three stared at her, till she blushed—

ed—for them, as I apprehended;
for herself she had no cause to
blush.

They soon recovered their lo-
quacity; and after asking the
little maid numberless stupid and
impertinent questions, they be-
gan whispering and giggling;
and at last came to romping:
in the midst of which *elegant*
amusement, they threw down,
and broke a piece out of a fine
old china jar, that stood at one
corner of the room. A dispute
now arose among them which
had

had done the mischief; however, as all were concerned, that matter could not be so easily settled; and the French woman proposed a cement, that would fasten in the piece, and then that they should never confess who did it. “Vat would you have done, my littel girl, if you had broke dis jar? you could not, as ve can, make it whole again.”

“I should have been very sorry, Madam,” said Mary, “if I had been so unlucky; but if I
had,

had, I should have told that I had broke it, for fear any one else should be blamed for it unjustly."—"Eh! dat is ver fine; so you, ignorant girl, pretend to tel more de true, den de laties: I dare say you tel one, ten, twenty, lies in a day.—Come, mes petites demoiselles, let us leave dis fine laty, dat is so fond of de trute."—Thus saying, she took the young ladies by the hand, and bowed out of the room, with a toss of her head: unfortunately for me, as she flirted along, she tore a part of
E her

her dress, and condescended to accept of my assistance, to repair the damage.

Alas ! (thought I,) poor helpless Pin, how hard thy fate !— But I had very little time now for reflection. I was hurried from room to room, and at last the whole party adjourned to that designed for the young ladies studies ; after the morning had passed, which to me had appeared worse than idle, where nothing had been done, at least
nothing

nothing well done, or that tended to future good.

I heard this governante, who possessed all the duplicity of her country, declare to the mother of her pupils, that her daughters were les deux anges, so goot, so lovely, so obedient, so mild, so charmante, it was impossible not to doat upon them,

I was miserable at having quitted the house of innocence and truth, and fully resolved to

leave my present abode, whenever I could find an opportunity; happily one soon offered beyond my hopes.

Being employed to fasten a fantastic head-dress upon Madame Ruse, who had attended her pupils to the play, by a fortunate toss of her head, I was released from the cumbrous load, and fell at the feet of an elderly lady, who at that moment being in want of my assistance to fasten her cloak,
picked

picked me up, and I had the satisfaction to accompany her home,

Mrs. Paulet (for so was the lady called that I had now the honour to attend) had three young ladies in her house: her daughter, the eldest of them; Julia Corbet, her niece; and Viola, the gardener's daughter, who had been charitably adopted, at the death of her mother, and had shared equal care and attention

attention with Miss Paulet and her cousin.

I soon had proof in the conduct of these three young persons to evince, that an early attention to mental endowments will bestow advantages infinitely superior to any thing birth can give.

The precepts that had fallen from the lips of Mrs. Dormer, at my first entrance upon the world,

world, were engraven upon my memory.

“Ladies,” said she, “may be nobly born, may be handsome, showy, admired in public, talked of as beauties, dress well; but what will this avail, if proper instruction, and studious labour, has been neglected, and the mind left vacant? They will neither be honourable nor happy; and the admiration they create, will be as transitory as that bestowed upon the bloom of a plum,

plum, which, for want of proper cultivation, is sour, or bitter to the taste."

Mrs. Paulet was a woman of affluent fortune, with a moderate share of sense: she wished her daughter, and her niece, to shine in the world, but she had not foreseen the necessity of beginning betimes the business of tuition, or the labour and regularity it requires. Too little attention was paid to intellectual information, and too much to exterior

exterior appearances and superficial embellishments; too much fondness was shown for dress, and too much time given up to places of public amusement.

Fortunately for Viola, her situation saved her from any interruption to her studies; she was always introduced to select company, but never appeared in public. She had also the superior advantage of having been bred up from her birth by a careful and pious mother, and
upon

upon her removal to Mrs. Paulet's she endeavoured to employ every moment of her time in promoting the means of improvement afforded her by her benefactress. Thus she strengthened the force of those principles which were early implanted in her mind by her lost parent, and at the same time evinced the gratitude she felt towards Mrs. Paulet, for the benefits she enjoyed from her bounty and protection.

I had

I had the honour to twine the rosy wreath round the head of Miss Paulet, or fasten the sash that hung carelessly from the shoulder of Miss Corbet; but I never was so happy, as when I secured the simple knot upon the plain round-eared cap of Viola.

Miss Paulet sometimes required me to assist her in embossing flowers, which she had attempted to paint; but they were so imperfectly executed, and so seldom finished, that I
have

have more frequently been compelled to tear them to pieces, than to improve them; and I must be obliged to relate, though I am sorry to do it, that I have been scandalously ordered to trace dogs, and cats, and many other animals, upon the table, in the hands of both the ladies, by turns, when they ought to have been attending to the lessons of their master. To the credit of the amiable Viola, be it known, I always found her devoted to industry, and attentive to every moral

moral and religious duty: she was never indolent. With her needle, or her pencil, she gave life, and colour, to various foliage, on muslin or the canvass. She had acquired a taste for reading, and with it judgment in the choice of her books. She was anxious to obtain every branch of useful knowledge. She joined to the elegant and refined parts of education, domestic accomplishments. Her temper was equal and cheerful.

It is an observation worthy the attention of young persons, that by neglect of industry the miseries incident to human life begin, at a very early period, before proper fortitude has been acquired to encounter affliction, or patience and resignation to submit to its effects. The most trifling circumstance that occurred, the wrong set of a cap, or any thing else equally frivolous, would discompose and put Miss Paulet and her cousin out of temper for a whole day.

Every

every trivial contradiction or disappointment was considered as a serious misfortune. At such times the amiable Viola was ever ready to repair the grievance, or to sooth the fancied calamity.

One morning, during my abode in this family, something had occurred that, as usual, required the attendance of Viola; but it was some time before she was found; and when she did appear, she was firm in not communicating, at least to the

young ladies, where she had been.

“ You are horridly provoking,” said Miss Paulet ; “ I wanted to tell you how *miserable* I am : where have you been ? You know there is the ball to-night, and I want to have my cap altered ;” (for this young lady, though she liked dress, had neither fancy nor industry to do any thing for herself :) “ and now there will be no time,” continued she “ to do it : I have
been

been fretting all the morning. Where have you been? My mother will be very angry with you."—"I hope not," said Viola, "when she knows where I have been; but I cannot tell just now."—"Oh," said Miss Corbet, "I can tell, a sly girl, what she has been doing. Yesterday my aunt paid her quarter's allowance; and I dare say she has gone out this morning, impatient to buy new things.—Come, fetch them; pray let us see your fancy; a fine collection,

tion, I dare say, of ribands and necklaces, &c." Viola was still silent. "Oh, pray," said Miss Paulet, "never mind her things; let us think only of my cap: but I believe it is quite impossible to do any thing with it; no Christian can wear it."—"Miss Paulet," said Viola, "you have a great many other head-dresses: will none of those do?"—"No, no; I have set my heart upon wearing this one, and no other. But look, how ill it is made up; and the feathers are
not

not half large or long enough. How very unfortunate I am! I never knew any one half so miserable—now did you, Viola?" She answered only with a sigh. "Ah, I am sure," continued Miss Paulet, "I am very much to be pitied: I shall desire mamma never to employ Mrs. Pearl again.—As to you, cousin Julia, you show no concern for me; though I was ready to cry for you, when that beautiful dress, that mamma bought for you, came home just as you
was

was going out; and then it was so tight you could not get it on, and you had set your heart upon wearing that, and no other. I was grieved enough for you then"—“And so am I,” said Julia, “heartily sorry for you now; but, as Viola says, you have other caps.”—“Oh, as to that,” replied Miss Paulet, “I assure you, unless I can have my things all exactly as I like, I shall not stir out to-night, much as I wish to go.—Pray, Viola, do not look so composed: I am sure

sure in your life you never knew any thing half so distressing—did you now?”

If I had been permitted to speak, I could have answered this question, and told, at the same time, where Viola had been when they missed her.

Ah! (thought I,) here are persons, with little minds, expressing vexation and disappointment for trivial causes, when but a few hours since I witnessed

every species of real distress, borne with patience and resignation,

You must know, gentle reader, that I had the felicity to fasten the riband that went across the little straw bonnet of Viola, when she set out in the morning, and tripped with nimble foot up one street, and down another, not once casting an eye towards the gewgaws in the windows, as she passed, till at last she turned into a house in a court,

court, where dwelt a widow and her infant daughter. Viola, without one selfish thought, put the whole of her little income into the hand of this poor woman; but when she added to this her advice, in words that would have done credit to the teachers of divine truths; when I heard from the lips of sixteen the sagacity of sixty, I forgot the Dormers; I trembled lest ill fate should tear me from the service of this benevolent young person. "Here," said she, Mrs. Colebrook,

Colebrook, is all I have in my power to give you, till next quarter-day. May it relieve your wants, and give you spirits to bring up your child in the love and fear of God, and in obedience to his commandments. From a strict attention to those precepts, which I have been taught from my earliest infancy by my mother, I derive all my happiness, and the blessing I now enjoy, as far as I am able, of being useful to you; for I know you are worthy:" and without waiting

waiting for the widow's thanks, whose feelings choaked her utterance, she flew home again, with sensations in her heart, unfelt and unknown to a fine lady at her departure from places of public amusement,

Unfortunately for me, at least I thought it so at the time, I was sent to convey some linen, that Viola had made for the child; and by this means I became an inhabitant of Mrs. Colebrook's house,

I learnt

I learnt from her, that by unforeseen events she had been reduced from affluence to her present indigent state.

Her worthy character, and the story of her misfortunes, were made known at the same time to Viola and the two cousins, by a maid-servant, who had been several years with Mrs. Colebrook in her prosperity, and then lived with Mrs. Paulet; but the history of her sorrows made no impression upon the two cousins; if

if they had attended to it at all, it was soon forgotten in the midst of their thoughtless and giddy pursuits: nor had they any thing to spare, from their own imaginary wants,

Generosity finds no residence in the barren soil of a narrow, uncultivated mind.

Though I regretted being removed from 'one I so greatly valued, as I did Viola, yet I was comforted by finding I could be
useful

useful to her pensioner; and I was pleased to observe, her goodness had not been imposed upon, but that her charity was well bestowed. Mrs. Colebrook was grateful and industrious, and anxious for success in her toil, that she might be less burdensome to her lovely benefactress. I learnt from her, that Viola had been her constant comforter ever since she had been told of her distress, and that she had given up her whole allowance to her for a twelvemonth past.

I had

I had not remained with Mrs. Colebrook many weeks, when, one morning, just as she had employed me to fasten the wrist-band of a shirt, that she was in haste to finish, her little girl sitting by us, to whom, as she worked, she was teaching one of Dr. Watts's hymns, when the door opened, and a tall, genteel-looking man, to our great surprise, came in; he addressed himself to Mrs. Colebrook, and desired to know, whether her christian name was Margaret, and

and whether her late husband was not born in Shropshire? These questions being answered in the affirmative;—"Then," says he, "madam, I have only to ask for the certificate of your marriage, and to give you joy of coming into immediate possession of a very large estate, which is doubly yours, as heir at law, and by the will of your relation; who had heard of your good conduct and patient sufferings, and left to my care to find out Margaret,

Margaret, widow of Robert Colebrook, born in Shropshire."

Mrs. Colebrook, who had endured adversity with calmness and resignation, now prayed fervently to God, to guide her, and grant to her his grace, in the time of prosperity, to make a right use of his blessing and bounty.

Her next thought naturally turned to Viola. "Ah!" exclaimed she, "what do I not owe to the goodness of that dear angel!

angel ! had it not been for her, I must have sunk under the accumulated ills of sickness and poverty, and my dear child would have now no protector.

After Mrs. Colebrook had gone through the necessary forms of taking possession of her property, she determined not to leave her present abode till she had sent to Viola, and if possible obtain her company to the family seat in Shropshire. She had not seen this dear girl for some time : the last quarter's

quarter's money had been sent by an unknown hand.

Whilst she was revolving in her mind what steps to take, whether to go, or send to Mrs. Paulet's, Fanny, her old maid-servant, made her appearance, with a message from Viola, saying, "that some events had happened at the house of Mrs. Paulet, that distressed her more upon Mrs. Colebrook's account than her own; and if she should, in consequence of them, be prevented

vented from sending her the usual regular supply, she would work for her, or find some way, by her industry, still to serve and relieve her." Fanny, without any interruption from Mrs. Colebrook, went on to say, "that there were sad goings on to use her own language) at her house; there was a gentleman of great fortune, and a baronet, who was to have been married to Miss Paulet; but after all was settled by the parents on both sides, he refused to marry her, and

and declared he liked Miss Viola much better; so they are very angry with her, poor dear, though she was no ways to blame, and said she would starve sooner than be his wife, and disappoint the intentions of my mistress, to whom she is so grateful. But that's not all," continued Fanny, "nor the worst that has happened; you must know, my lady's fortune was in the West Indies, and her trustees have failed, and so there is a stop there; and I find she has only sufficient

sufficient left to go and live retired in the country, and that, you know, will never do for our misses, who are so fond of dress and all sorts of public places, balls, and plays, and such like things; it will suit very well with that good creature, Miss Viola, who never is so happy as when she is quiet at home, working, or reading, or drawing, and all them there sort of things; and then she is always thinking, how she can do some good or other: and though she be always busy,

I never

I never see her tired as the other young ladies are, as does nothing but take their pleasure. But, poor love, I don't think as how they will let her stay long there now, though she does all she can to comfort them, and looks so pretty, and so innocent; when she is talking, if you did not see her sweet face, you would think she was three times as old as she is."

Fanny might have gone on for ever, uninterrupted by Mrs. Colebrook, in the praises of her best

G

and

and dearest friend. What passed in her heart, upon the disclosure of all the above circumstances, will be better guessed by my intelligent readers, than I can describe. Suffice it to say, the glow of gratitude was never stronger in a human breast. To have heard a short time before, that any thing had occurred to distress Viola, would have been a deep wound in Mrs. Colebrook's heart; but now she was blest to think, she had it so well in her power to give comfort to one, who had bestowed

ed

ed comfort and consolation so liberally upon her.

She lost no time in soliciting, and circumstanced as Mrs. Paulet now was, found no difficulty in obtaining permission to have Viola given up entirely to her protection.

The parting with Mrs. Paulet, and the companions of her youth, was at first a grief almost insupportable to Viola; and nothing but their want of sensibility, and the idea that she must now be-

come in some measure a burden upon them, could have sustained her spirits at the hour of separation. If they had discovered any feelings upon the occasion, she must have sunk under the weight of her own. She was going, however, to one, for whom she had a very high esteem, and who loved her; and she pleased herself with thinking, it might possibly be in her power to assist Mrs. Colebrook in the care and education of her daughter. She was not also without hope, that at some future

future period, by her industry, and a proper exertion of the accomplishments she had acquired, she might become able to testify her gratitude to Mrs. Paulet,

This hope would have been realized if she had known, what I did, that Mrs. Colebrook had made a provision for her young friend, in case of her death, equal to that of her own child,

My readers by this time, I flatter myself, are kindly anxious to

know what became of me, when these good people set out for their country-seat, and will be glad to hear that I had the felicity to go with them.

We had not been long settled at the mansion of Mrs. Colebrook, before, to my great surprise and joy, I found our nearest neighbours were my first and dearest friends, Mrs. Dormer and her lovely daughters.

It

It is to be supposed, that persons so congenial in mind would soon become intimate friends; and Miss Dormer and Viola were almost daily at each other's house.

Though no one could esteem Viola for her virtues more than I did, yet I was truly happy when she desired me, one morning, to lend my assistance to Miss Dormer, who had broken the string of her veil, as they were walking together round Mrs. Colebrook's park.

Thus,

Thus, after all the vicissitudes of my existence, I was fortunate enough to find myself once again with my first friends, from whom I had learnt those precepts, that made me ever after detest vice, and venerate virtue ; and I had seen enough of the world to convince me, that man's best interest, as well as happiness, depends upon a strict and due observance of the latter.

I had the pleasure to find all the family well and happy at Mrs.
Dormer's ;

Dormer's ; and good old Jacob as careful of his plate, and Mrs. Jenny as attentive to her duty, and as loquacious as ever : but it most delighted and cheered me to find Miss Jane all that could be wished, and no trace left of that obstinacy that had disgraced her infantile days.

It has been the fate of many a great character, when he has risen, as he thinks, to the highest zenith of his glory in this transitory life, to experience, suddenly, a sad reverse.

If

If this should be my lot, and that from my present elevation I should fall, and be reduced to mix again with the world, I will resume my history, if my readers intimate the least wish to hear of me again.

Let every one imitate my simplicity and innocence, and let them be as earnest in their endeavours to be useful to society, and they will at last finish their career in life as I do, most honourably.

Behold

Behold me supporting a drawing of Miss Dormer's, with the innocent and benevolent Viola at my feet, trying her skill in a copy. Thus have I gained my POINT of brightest glory.





